



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

**STAY STRONG,
GERONIMO!**



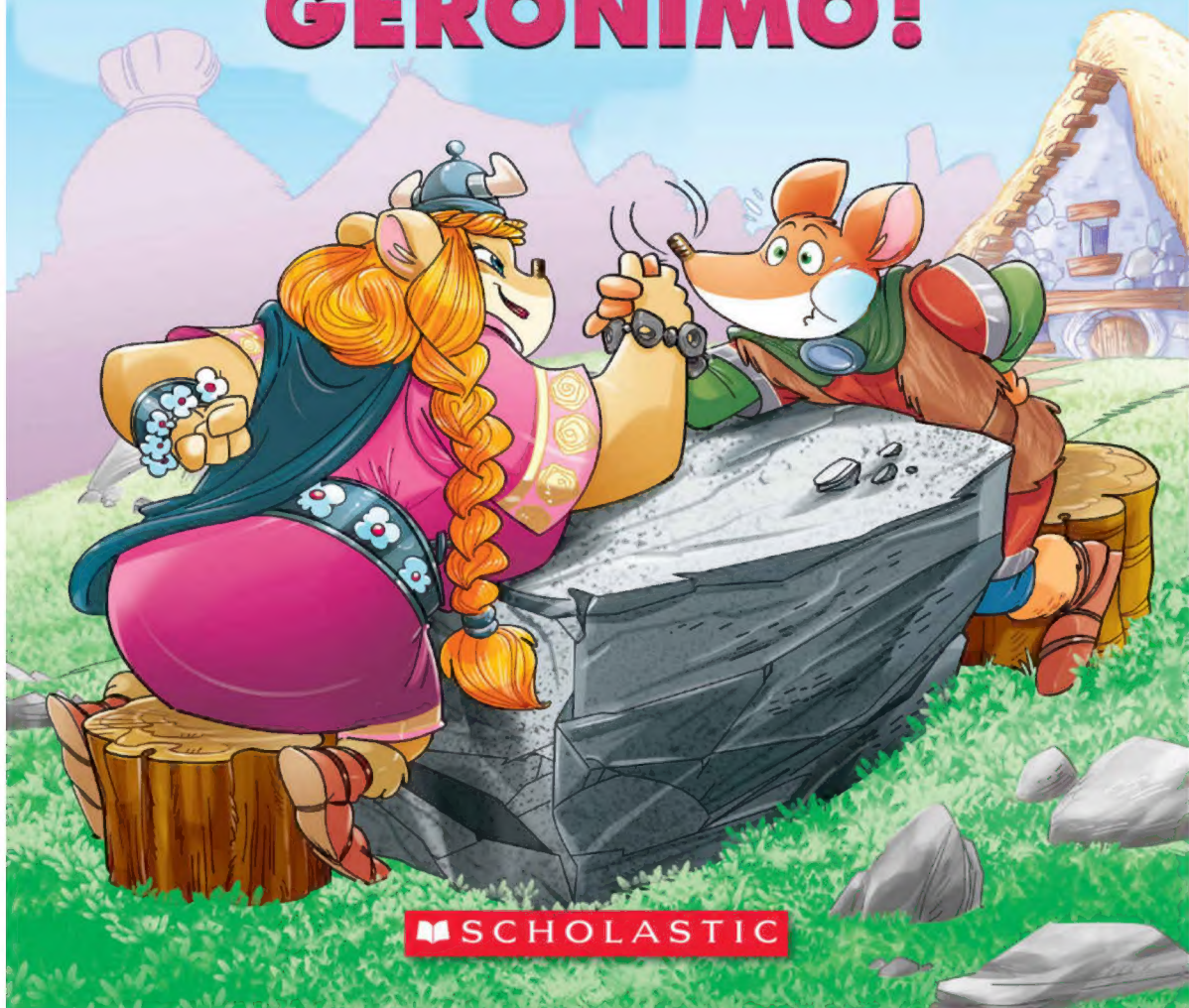
 **SCHOLASTIC**



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**STAY STRONG,
GERONIMO!**



 SCHOLASTIC

WELCOME TO THE ANCIENT FAR NORTH . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE MICEKINGS!

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Feargard, village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy north wind blows!

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. The secret recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the miceking chief.

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice and herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or wins a Miceking Challenge.

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard



MEET THE STILTONORD FAMILY ...



GERONIMO
Advisor to the
miceking chief



THEA
A horse trainer who
works well with all kinds
of animals



TRAP
The most famous
inventor in Mouseborg



BUGSILDA
Benjamin's best
friend

BENJAMIN
Geronimo's nephew



... AND THE EVIL DRAGONS!

GOBBLER THE PUTRID

The fierce king of the dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are divided into 5 clans, all of which are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw — no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke make them taste good.

SIZZLE

The cook



3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

**STAY STRONG,
GERONIMO!**



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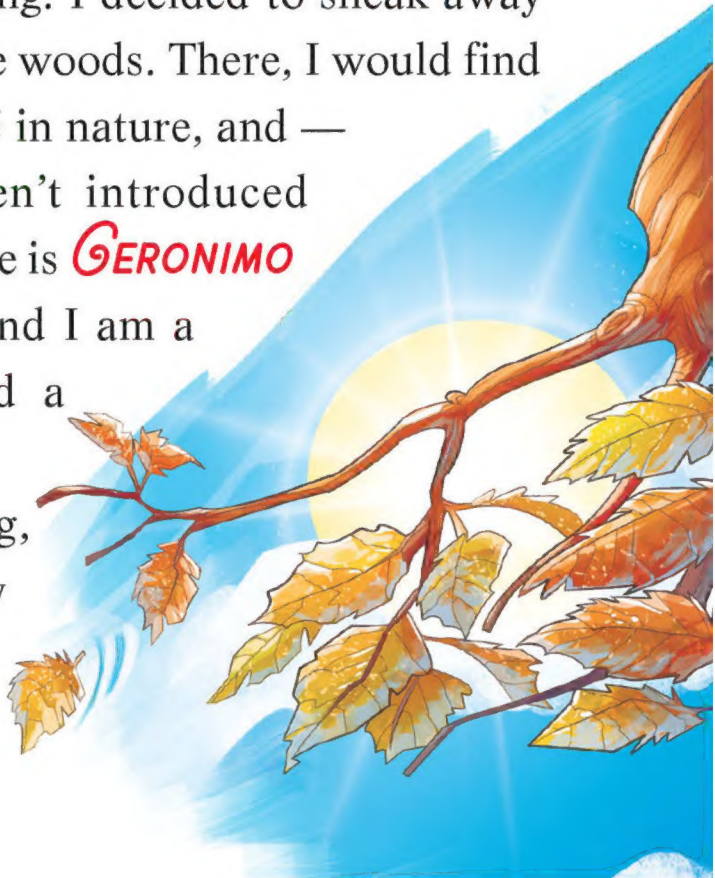
DRAGON ALERT!

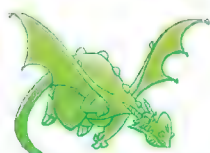
It was a **splendid** fall morning in Mouseborg, the capital of Miceking Island. The **colorful** leaves waved in the gentle breeze.

Most micekings are **WARRIORS**, but I don't like fighting. I decided to sneak away for a walk in the woods. There, I would find **inspiration** in nature, and —

Sorry, I haven't introduced myself! My name is **GERONIMO STILTONORD**, and I am a mouseking and a **SCHOLAR**.

That morning,
I was a hungry





DRAGON ALERT!

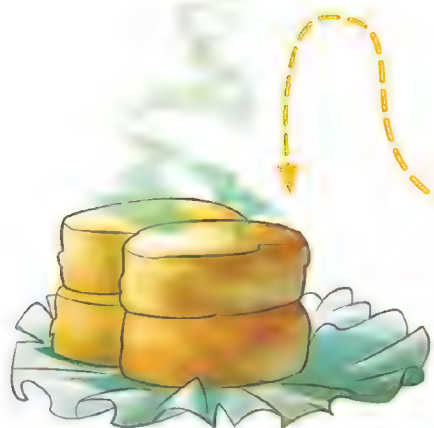


scholar! I filled my backpack with **one** small barrel of fjordberry juice, **two** loaves of bread, and



three wheels of super-stinky Stenchberg cheese.

At the last minute, I added cheese wheel number **FOUR**. Physical exercise gives me a **big appetite!**



I whistled as I headed toward the woods. I strolled until I found myself in a silent **CLEARING** surrounded by nature.

But before I could unpack my picnic, the sound of a horn rose up from Three Lookouts Cliff.

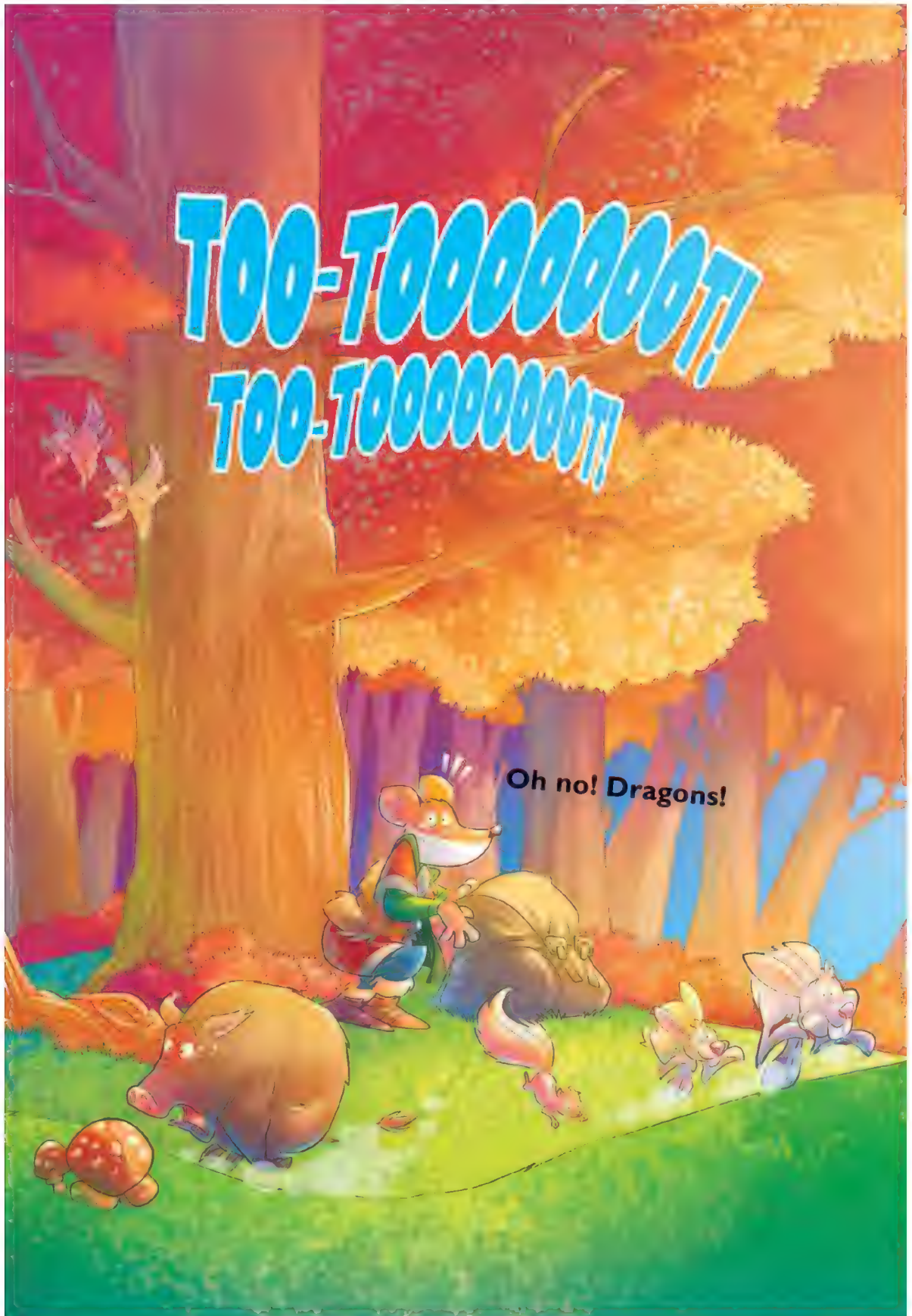


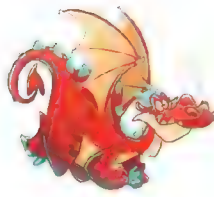
**TOO-TOOT!
TOO-
TOOOOOOOOOOT!**

Squeak! It was the **dragon alarm!**

TOO-TOOOOOOOO!!
TOO-TOOOOOOOO!!

Oh no! Dragons!





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

When the dragon alarm sounded, everyone in the village was supposed to run to face the dragons. Did I mention that the dragons are **FIERCE** and terrible and always starving for **fresh** miceking meat?

I ran back through the woods and **RUSHED** to the village in record miceking speed. When I arrived at the Great Stone Square, the other micekings were already there.

“Draaagons!” I yelled.

Oddly, nobody else was yelling. Or **running** for the catapults. I ran over to





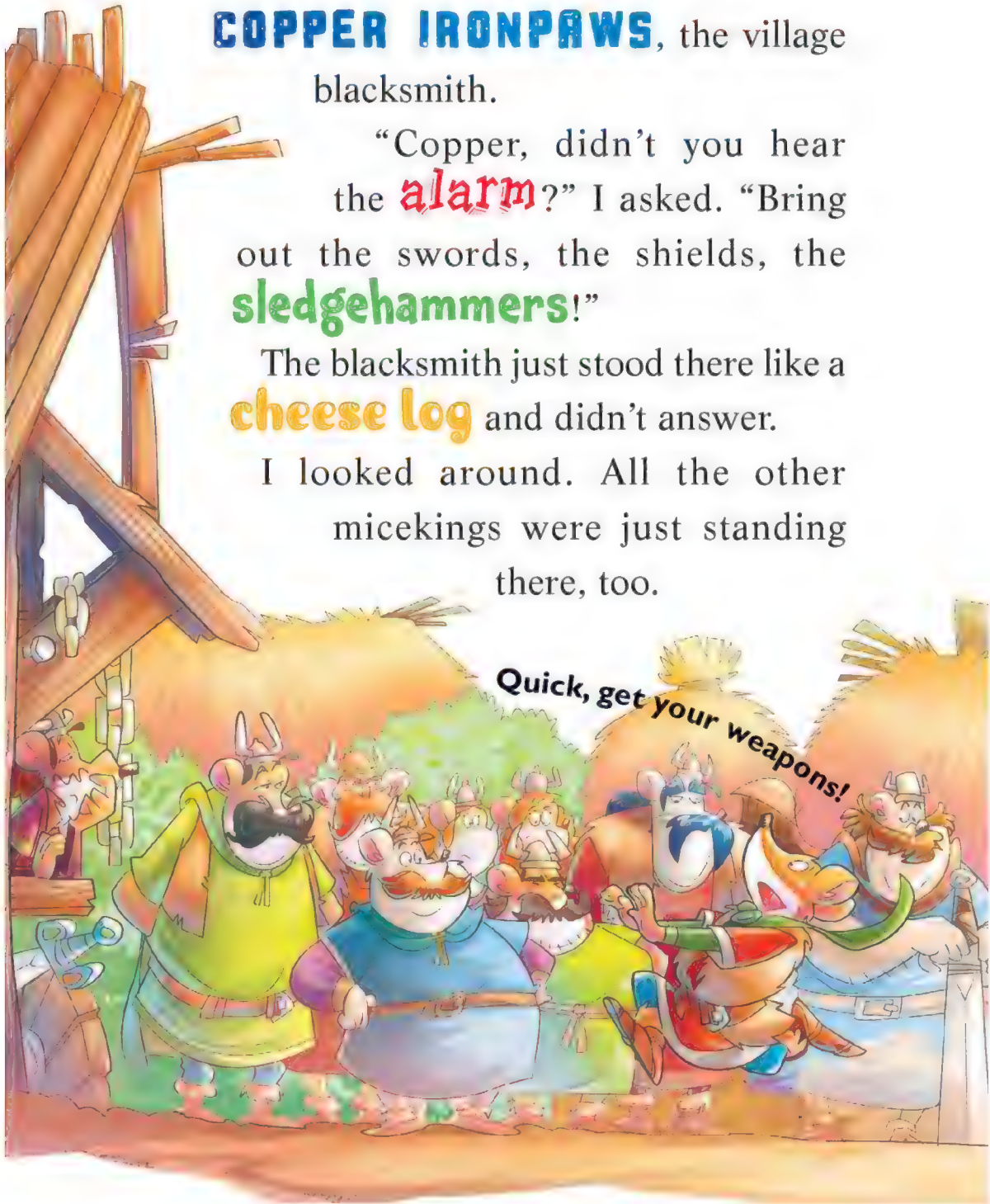
THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

COPPER IRONPAWS, the village blacksmith.

“Copper, didn’t you hear the **alarm**?” I asked. “Bring out the swords, the shields, the **sledgehammers!**”

The blacksmith just stood there like a **cheese log** and didn’t answer.

I looked around. All the other micekings were just standing there, too.





“Holey cheese!” I shouted. “Why isn’t anybody getting ready to **fight** the dragons?”

Nobody answered me.

“What is **WRONG** with you rodents?” I asked.

Then **SVEN THE SHOUTER**, our village leader, marched up to me.

“Geronimo, you smarty-mouseking!” he shouted. (He always **SHOUTS**. How do you think he got his name?) “Here you are at last!”

“**Sven! The d-d-d-dragons!**” I stuttered.

He smacked my back with his massive paw. “There aren’t any dragons, you mollusk! We sounded the alarm to get you out of your **hiding place**.”

“I wasn’t hiding,” I protested.





“Spare me the **EXCUSES**, smarty-paws,” he said. “We’ve been **LOOKING** all over for you. It’s time to start the competition!”
“**COMPETITION?** What competition?” I asked.

“Horns and thorns, don’t be a **CHEESEHEAD!** Just go sit in your spot at the judges’ table. That’s an order!” Sven shouted.

"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

the other micekings yelled.

I **sighed**. So much for my picnic!

Only then did I notice that a **stage** had been built in the village square. It was decorated **festively**. But, by my whiskers, I couldn’t think of what competition

THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE



could be happening that day.

☺→ The **GREAT BEARD CHALLENGE** to determine the mouseking with the thickest beard had been a few weeks earlier.

☺→ The **Stinky Codfish Festival** was always held the first week of spring.

☺→ The **MICEKING GAMES**, which attracted micekings from all over the island, were planned for the summer.

So . . . this must be the **Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge**! Female warrior micekings are known as Shield Mouselets. Each fall, they compete to see who is the **BRAVEST**, **strongest**, and **smartest**.

Everyone loved the challenge — except me! Sven always made me judge, and it always got me in **BIG TROUBLE**.

After I took my seat, my cousin **Trap** slid into the chair next to me.





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

“Trap, are you on the judges’ panel, too?”
I asked.

He chuckled. “Of course! A judge has to understand **COURAGE**, **strength**, and **intelligence**. And since I am brave, strong, and smart, I’ll be the **PERFECT** judge!”

We heard an amused laugh behind us and turned to see a large female mouseking: **RATILDE**. “If anyone can judge the **COURAGE** of a mouseking, it’s me!” she boasted as she sat down in the third judge’s chair.

Trap and I nodded. Ratilde was captain of the ship **Beauty of the Seas**, and there wasn’t a single mouseking sailor who was **BRAVER** than her.*

“We all need courage to judge this contest,”

* To read more about Ratilde, check out my adventure
The Famouse Fjord Race!



Ready to judge?

Good luck!

Well ...

Thanks!

Come on,
Thea!

DEE-
DEE-
DEEE!

Yay, Thora!

Go, Helga!

Karina will
win!

SHIELD MOUSELET



THORA

Sven the Shouter's daughter is charming, brave, and good at everything she tries — and I have a big crush on her!



HELGA

She is as sweet as she is strong — and she makes Trap blush.

I whispered to them both.

“Why?” Trap asked.

“Because there can only be one **winner**,” I replied. “And then we are left with angry losers!”

Just then, I saw that **Thora** was a contestant this year. She is **SVEN'S** daughter — and my **secret crush**. I gulped. I had to pick Thora as the winner, right?

The other **CONTESTANTS** were Helga, Karina,

MEGA CHALLENGE

and my sister, Thea.

I **GULPED** again.
How could I vote
against Helga, who
is so **STRONG**? Or
Karina, the **FASTEST**
mouseking around? Or
my own **talented**
sister, Thea?

I could smell trouble
already . . . but then I
smelled something
else. Something very
strong.

I **sniffed** the air.
“What is that strange
stench?” I asked.

Ratilde snorted and
passed me a clothespin



Karina

This mouseking is
fast, agile, and does
everything with flair.

THEA

My sister, Thea, is a
brilliant rodent! She
loves adventure and
competitions.





THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE

What a smell!



to put on my nose. “Here you go, you **wimpy mouseking!**” she said.

Then I saw that the **smell** was coming from the braided sash that would be awarded to the winning Shield Mouselet. It was made out of **hot peppers!** Rotten ricotta, those peppers had such a **STRONG SCENT** that they were making my eyes water!

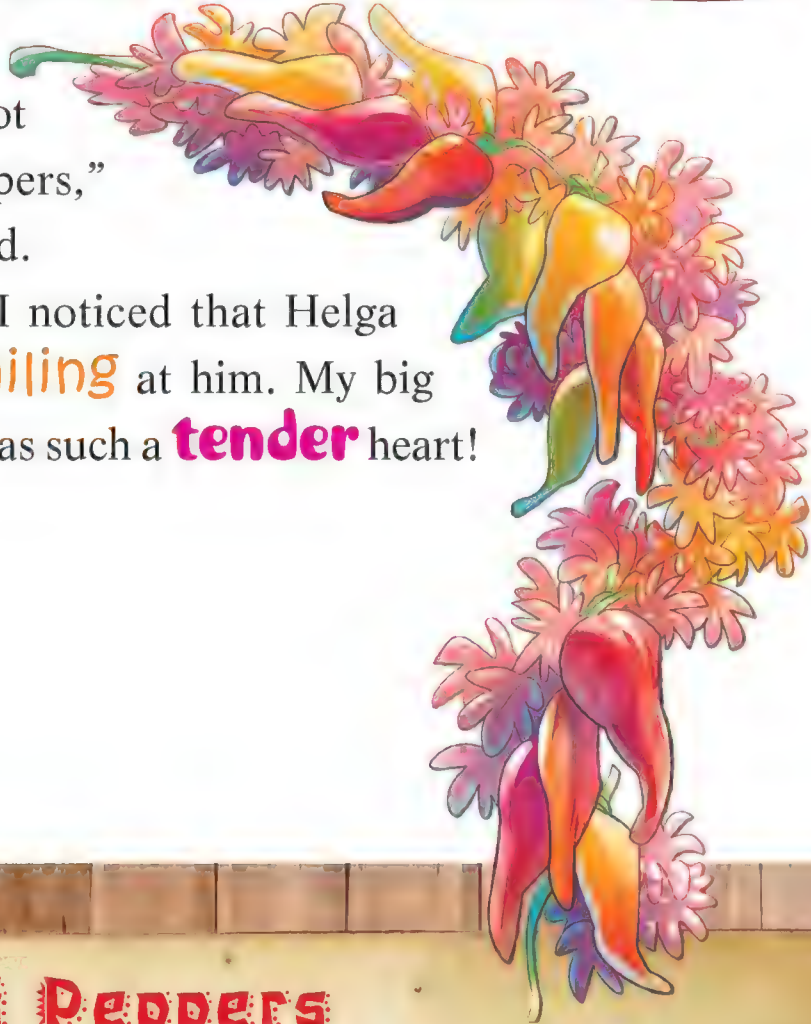
Ratilde nudged me. “Look, smarty-mouseking, even Trap has **WATERY** eyes.”

THE SHIELD MOUSELET MEGA CHALLENGE



“It’s not
the peppers,”
Trap said.

Then I noticed that Helga
was **smiling** at him. My big
cousin has such a **tender** heart!



Logi Peppers

Logi peppers are very strong
hot peppers that are used in our
famouse miceking hot pepper
sauce, the hottest sauce there
is! These peppers have a much,
much, much stronger smell than
even stinky miceking garlic.





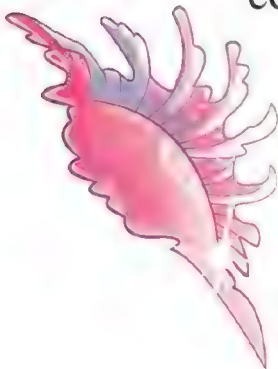
BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!

Sven the Shouter climbed onto the stage. “Citizens of Mouseborg, hear me!” he shouted. “Only the **BRAVEST**, **strongest**, and **smartest** contestant will win the Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge!”

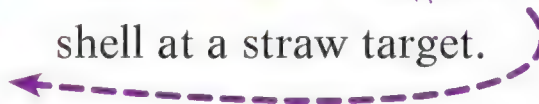
"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

the crowd cheered.

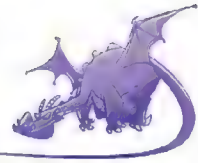
Sven raised his paw in the air. “Let the competition begin!”



The first event was the **shell challenge**. Each contestant had to throw a **RAZOR-SHARP** shell at a straw target.



BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!



SHIVERING SQUIDS!

Those shells had points as sharp as **DRAGONS' CLAWS**.

Thea's shell passed so close to me that it **trimmed** the ends of my whiskers! But she hit the **bull's-eye** and won the contest.





BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!

The second event was the *rope challenge*.

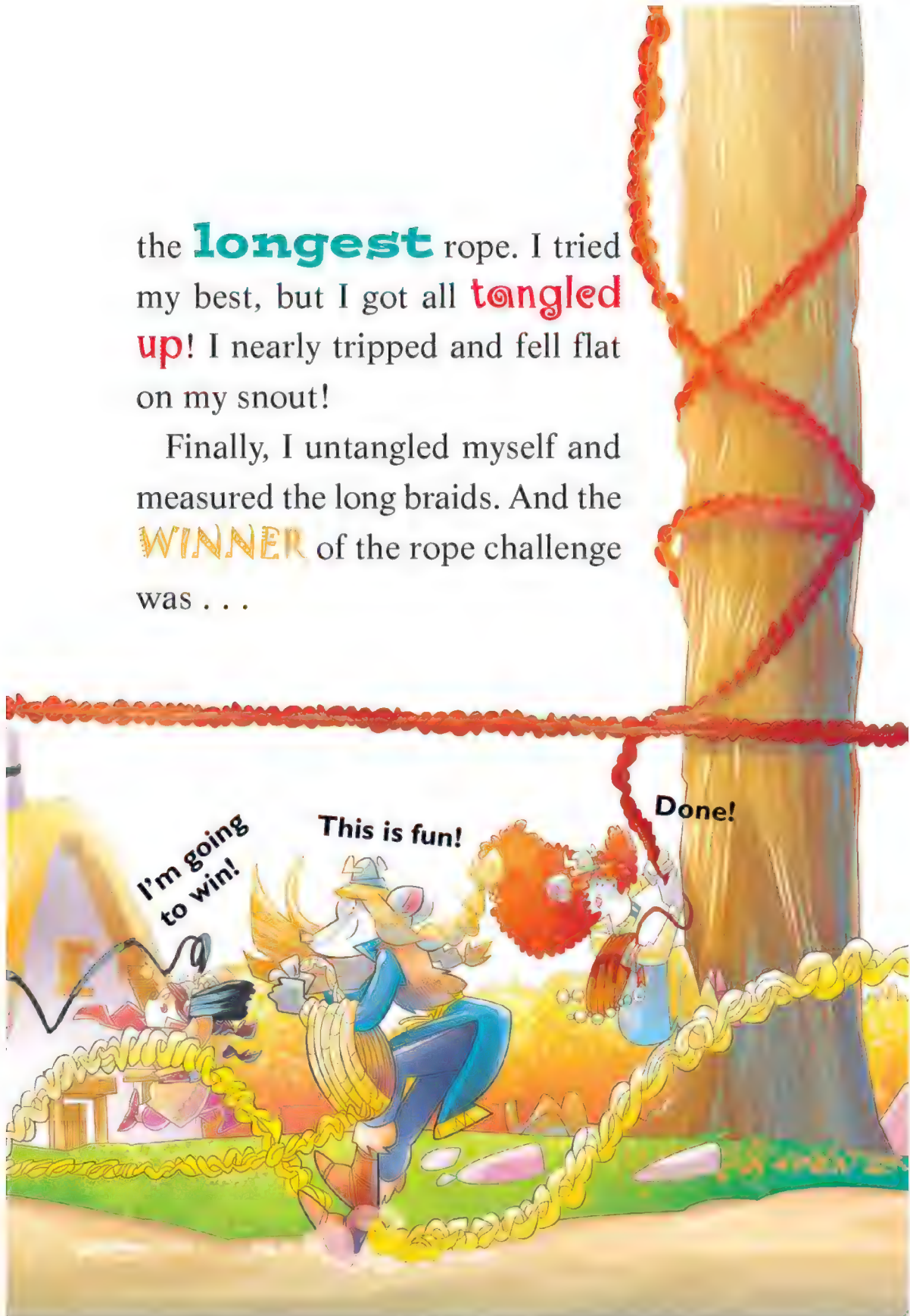
Miceking ships need good, strong ropes to set their **powerful** sails. The contestants had to **quickly** braid ropes to see who could make the longest rope at the fastest **SPEED**.

My job was to measure to see who braided



the **longest** rope. I tried my best, but I got all **tangled up!** I nearly tripped and fell flat on my snout!

Finally, I untangled myself and measured the long braids. And the **WINNER** of the rope challenge was . . .





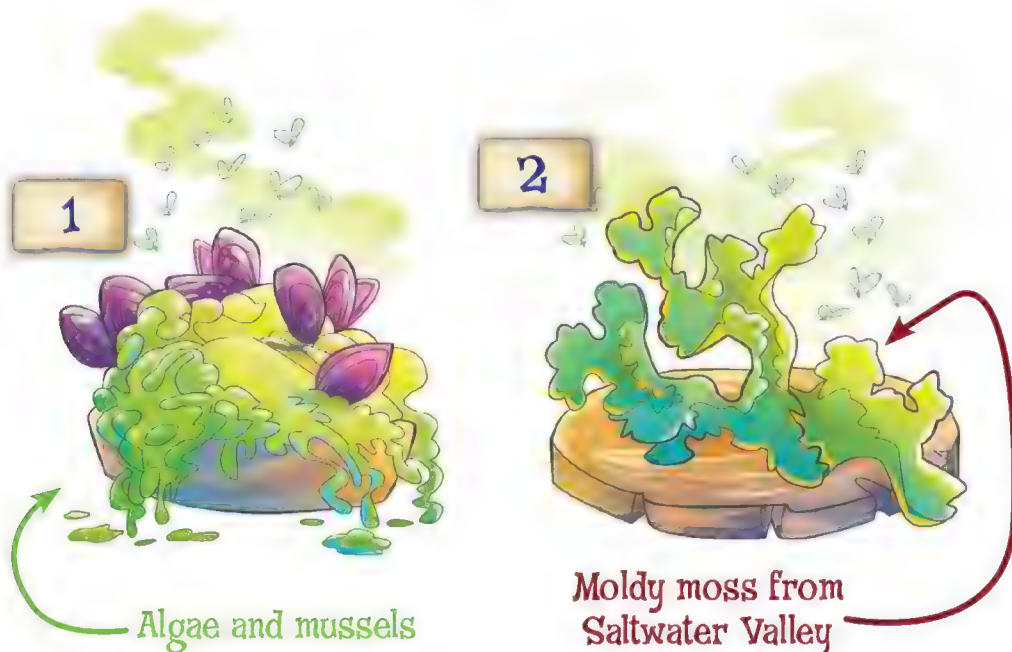
BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!

...**Karina**! Her rope was three hundred tails long!

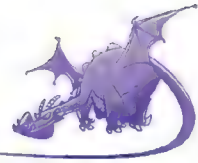
Next up was the **cooking challenge**.

Every mouseking worth his or her helmet needs to know how to make **hearty** food out of whatever is handy. Miceking food has to be **delicious** and **nutritious** enough to build big miceking muscles!

“This is my **favorite** challenge,” Trap said, rubbing his belly.



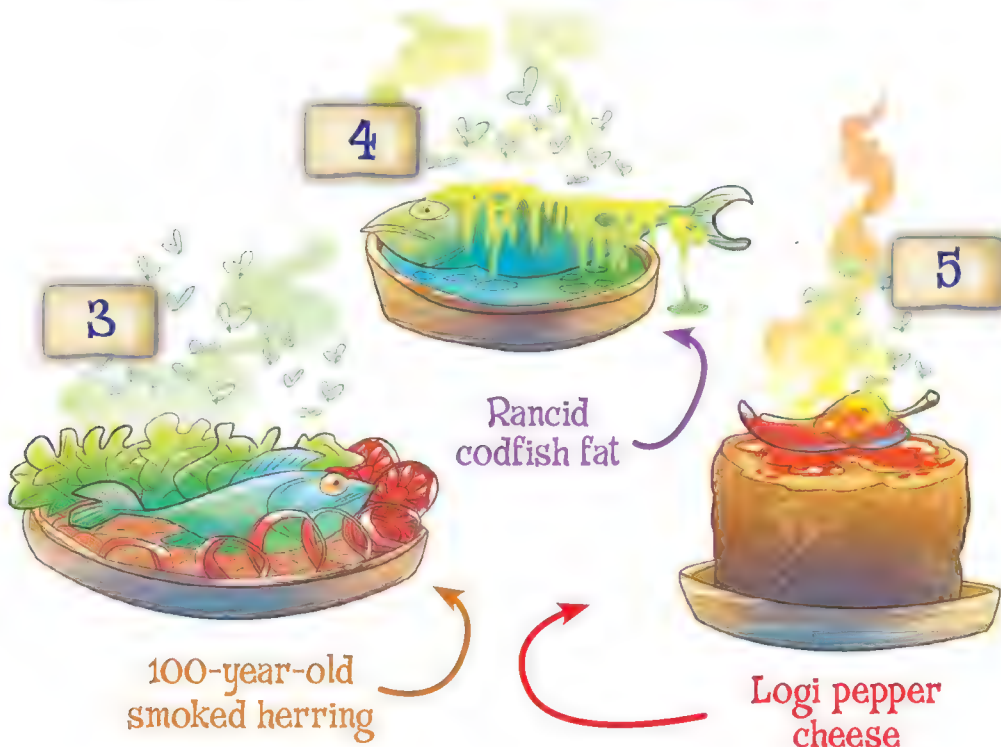
BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!



The contestants had to **cook** a dish out of these common ingredients:

- 1 **Algae** and **mussels**
- 2 Moldy **moss** from Saltwater Valley
- 3 100-year-old smoked **HERRING**
- 4 Rancid **CODFISH** fat
- 5 Logi pepper **cheese**

The three judges had to **taste** each dish and rate it on how **nutritious** and





BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!

delicious it was. Thea presented her dish first. It smelled **awful**!

Now, I know my sister well. She is brave, athletic, and great with animals. But she is a **terrible** cook!

“Um, I’m **not hungry**,” I said, pushing it away.

Thea frowned. “**Are you going to judge it or not, Geronimo?**”

Trap slapped my back.

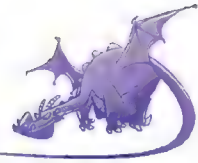
Yuck! How gross!

“Eat up, Cousin! What are you **afraid** of?”

I had to eat the dish in order to fairly judge the contest.



BEGIN THE MEGA CHALLENGES!



I took one bite of deep-fried aged herring in **stinky cheese sauce** and swallowed.

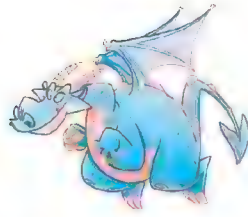
My stomach went **UP** and **Down**, **UP** and **Down**, **UP** and **Down**!

“You look a little **green**, Geronimo,” Trap remarked. “Did you eat too much? No problem. Ratilde and I will take care of the rest.”

I was very **lucky** that Trap and Ratilde had **cast-iron** stomachs! They declared **Thora** the winner. I wanted to congratulate her, but I couldn’t.

My stomach hurt so much . . .

I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT TOSS MY CHEESE!



SO, WHO IS THE WINNER?

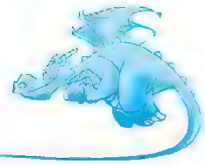
The next event was the **cauldron challenge**, a test of **strength** and **balance**. Each Shield Mouselet had to perform a complicated dance while balancing a heavy cauldron full of **swamp water** on her head.



Thea **DRAGGED** me from the judges' table to dance with her.

1 She **spun** me around and around like a top!

SO, WHO IS THE WINNER?



2 We **TWIRLED** and twirled in circles. I got dizzy and fell against Thea . . . **BAM!**

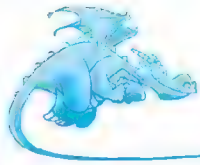
3 I knocked into the cauldron, and all the swamp water **dumped** on my head!



**AAAAA
AAAH!
AAAAA**

HELGA kept the cauldron on her head the longest, and she **won** the challenge.





SO, WHO IS THE WINNER?

The four contestants were tied. Everything depended on the final event: the **CAMOUFLAGE CHALLENGE**. Camouflage is an important skill when facing an **ENEMY** or hiding from miceking-eating **dragons**. For this event, the Shield Mouselets had to create an outfit that would work as camouflage in the **ocean**.

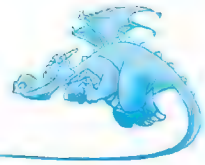
Thora dove into the sea and found a big **shell** for her outfit.

I found a shell!

The four contestants put together their camouflage and stood onstage. Everyone cheered for them loudly.



SO, WHO IS THE WINNER?



"GO, THORA!"

"THORA IS THE BEST!"

"HOORAY FOR KARINA!"

"HELGA SHOULD WIN!"

"This is **fantastic** camouflage!" Trap said. "It will be tough to pick a winner."

Trap was right! All four contestants had done a **great job**. I wanted to vote for **Thora**, my crush, but how could I choose her when the others looked just as good?

Sven marched up to us. **"SO, WHO IS THE WINNER?"**



Trap and Ratilde shrugged. "We can't decide."

"Then it's up to **YOU**, Geronimo!"
Sven shouted.

"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

the crowd roared.





Well?

Tell us!

Who wins?

Hurry!

Well done!



HIDING FROM THE DRAGONS

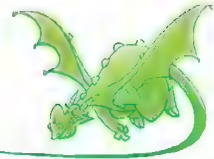
All the contestants **GLARED** at me, waiting for me to name the winner. Holey cheese, how could I choose?

So I just sat there, as **quiet** as a clam. The micekings quickly got annoyed.

“Well, smarty-mouse?”
“Who wins the Mega Challenge?”
“YEAH. WHICH SHIELD MOUSELET WINS?”

I began to stutter. “Well . . . I-I-I don’t know . . . **m-m-m-maybe** . . .”

“Hurry up and decide, Geronimo!” Sven thundered, shaking his paw.



Just then the dragon alarm sounded.

TOO-TOOOT!
TOO-
TOOOOOOOOOOT!

A moment later, three **dragons** appeared in the sky, breathing fire. They **swooped** down over the village.

“Do you **sss**ee what I **sss**ee?” asked the first dragon.

“I **sss**ee a bunch of fresh meat, Red Fang,” answered the second dragon. “How about you, **Sss**lither?”

“Me too, Broiler,” said the third. “They **sss**eeem juicy! Let’s eat them up fa**ssst**!”

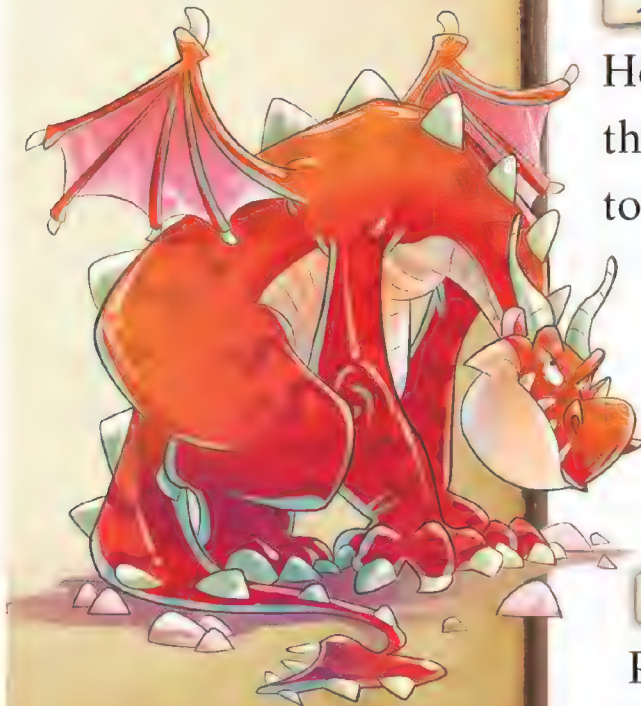
Red Fang, the **RED** dragon, landed right next to me and **sñapped** at my tail. “What ta**sssty** miceking flesh! It’**sss** mine! I **sss**aw it fir**ssst**!”





RED FANG

Red Fang is a dragon in the Devourer family. Devourers like to quickly barbecue micekings and eat them. For some reason, Red Fang seems to always be hungry for me!



I ran away and **ducked** behind the straw target.

“**Sss**o you want to play hide-and-**sss**eeek, little mou**sss**eking?”

Red Fang asked.

1

WHOOSH!

He shot **FLAMES** at the target, reducing it to ashes and revealing my hiding place!

So I **DASHED** under the cooking challenge table, taking refuge there.

2

WHOOSH!

Red Fang unleashed his hot breath, and

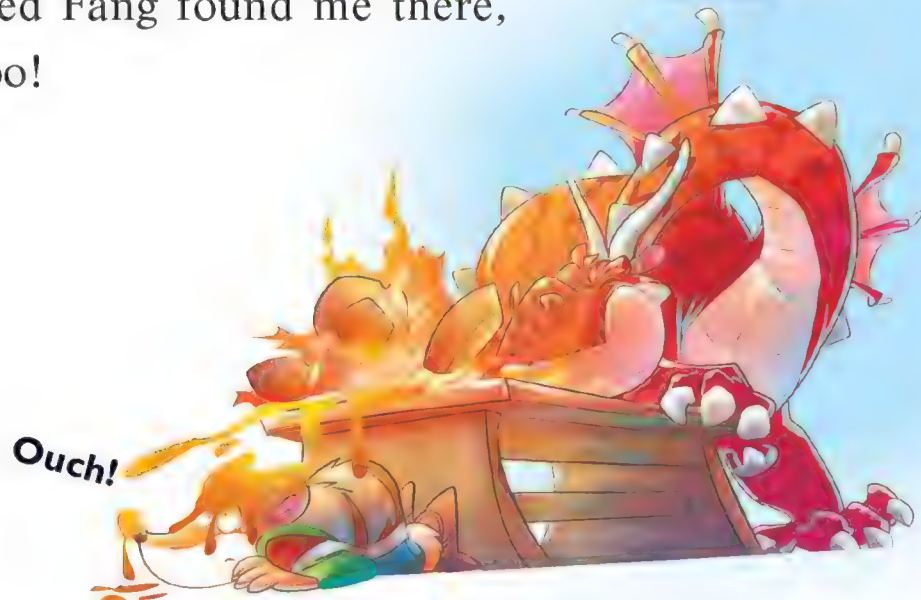


Squeak!

MELTED CHEESE

flowed down on me like lava!

Finally, I **crawled** under the judges' table . . . but Red Fang found me there, too!



Ouch!



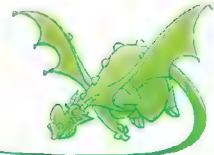
HIDING FROM THE DRAGONS

3 He **sniffed** the air, noticing the smell of the **Logi pepper** garland strung across the table. Then he smiled.

“What luck!” he cried. “With a **SSS**ingle



HIDING FROM THE DRAGONS



flame, I'll have miceking meat with roa^{ssss}sted
^{ssss}spicy pepper^{ssss}!"

He inhaled, getting ready to **BLAST** me
with flames again.

This was it. I was going to be **cooked,**
fried, Done!

"HEEEELP!" I screamed. "I don't want
to become dinner for a dragon!"



WE'LL BE BACK!

“Load the catapults! **RELEASE!**” Sven the Shouter commanded.

Just in time, something **slimy** hit Red Fang’s head.

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

Bales of **MUD** mixed with hay rained down on the three dragons.

Slither swallowed one by mistake and spit





it out. "Let **SSS** get out of here!"

RED FANG grabbed the Logi peppers. "For now, I'll take these!" he growled.

Then he **FLEW** off. "I will be back with King Gobbler and his army!" he promised.



WE'LL BE BACK!

“Gather around, **MICEKINGS!**” Sven the Shouter yelled. “We must prepare for —”
BONK! His wife, Mousehilde, **BOPPED** him on the head with her rolling pin.

“This is **YOUR FAULT!**” she said. “I told you to leave one mouseking **guarding** the catapults during the competition. That



WE'LL BE BACK!



is how the **dragons** were able to get so close to us!”

The villagers were **scared**.

“What do we do now, **BRAVE** Sven?” one rodent asked.

“Yes, **courageous** Sven, we don’t have much time,” said another.





WE'LL BE BACK!

Thora spoke up. "The **dragons** will be returning soon. We must **organize** our defense."

Sven nodded. "Well said, Thora. All the micekings must prepare for **BATTLE!** Copper, bring out the weapons."

Then Sven looked at me, and I tiptoed backward. I had a **bad feeling** all of a sudden.

Come with me!



"You come with me, **smarty-mouseking**," he said, grabbing me by the shoulders.

"Who? M-m-me?" I stuttered.

"Yes!" Sven replied.

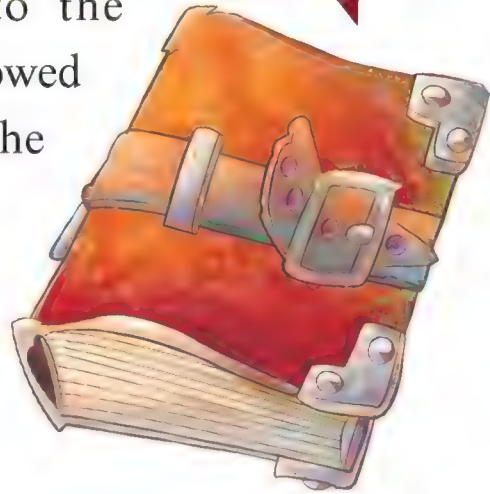
"We will go find **Loki Longsight**, the village soothsayer, and we'll ask

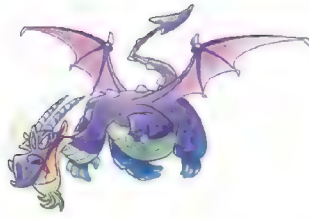
WE'LL BE BACK!



for advice. He can look in his book of **Dragon Lore and Legends** and tell us the best way to defeat them.”

It wasn't a bad **idea**, actually. Sven and I headed to the soothsayer's **CAVE**, followed by all the micekings in the village.





THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!

Sven stopped in front of the cave door. “**LOKI LONGSIGHT, OPEN UP!**” he shouted.
“Sven the Shouter commands you!”

The micekings all cried out,

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

But Loki didn’t answer.

Sven shouted even louder. “Hey, open up,
soothsayer!”

I tugged on Sven’s cloak. “Chief, the door to the cave is **half-open**,” I told him.

“Why didn’t you say that in the first place,
blubber brain?” Sven asked. “Quick, get in there!”





THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!

I slowly pushed open the door. “Ł-Łoki, are you there?” I asked.

Loki still didn’t answer.

“Are you waiting for **groundhogs** to wake from their hibernation, smarty-mouseking? I said get in there!” Sven barked.

I stepped inside the cave, but I didn’t see Loki. “He’s not here!” I said.

1 I **RAN** back out and slipped on something **slimy**.



“Squeak!”

2 When I tried to get up, I **SLIPPED** a second time and fell right on my tail! **“OWWWW!”**

THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!



3 I **slid** right up to Sven's feet. He stared at me. "What do you mean he's **NOT HERE**? Where is he, then?"

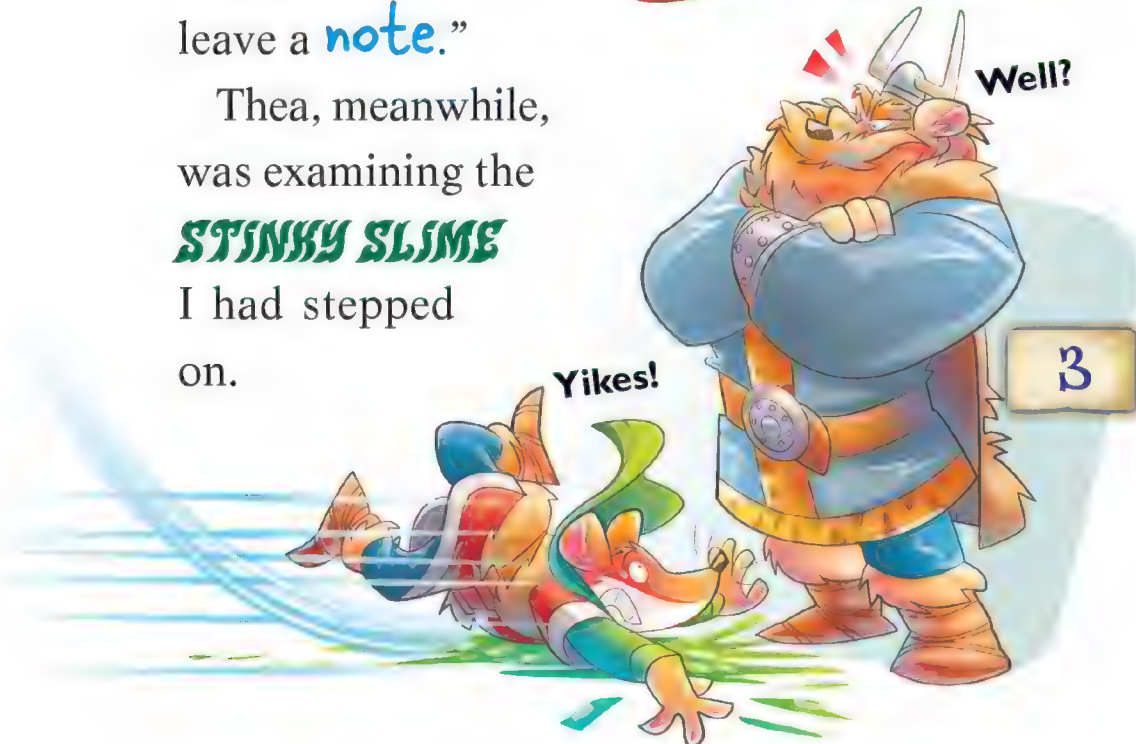
I had no idea!

"I don't know!" I replied. "He didn't leave a **note**."

Thea, meanwhile, was examining the

STINKY SLIME

I had stepped on.





THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!



“Brave Sven, this is **DRAGON DROOL!**” she announced.

Sven sniffed it himself. “You’re right! And I see some **RED**

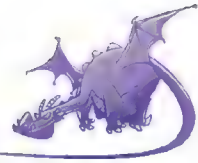
SCALES in there!”

“**Crusty codfish!**” I cried. “That scale belongs to **RED FANG**, the dragon who wants to roast and eat me! He must have taken Loki Longsight!”

“There’s no time to waste!” Sven shouted, pumping his paw in the air. “We must **FIND HIM** quickly!”

All the micekings began to **volunteer** for the mission.

“CHOOSE ME, BRAVE LEADER!”



"I WILL GO! I'M THE STRONGEST!"

"PICK ME! I AM NOT AFRAID OF DRAGONS!"

Sven shook his head. "Since **GERONIMO** knows all about Red Fang, I will send him to find Loki Longsight."

"B-b-but . . ." I stammered.

Trap **BOLDLY** stepped forward. "I will go with Geronimo. Don't worry, Chief! We won't **disappoint** you!"

Sven nodded. "Well said, Trap! Bring the soothsayer back to Mouseborg and you will both receive **the greatest honor** in our village: a **MICEKING HELMET!**"

"That's nice, but I, er, have some very **urgent business** to attend to . . ." I said.



THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!

“No excuses, smarty-mouse!” Sven shouted.
“You’re leaving **right now**, and that’s an order!”

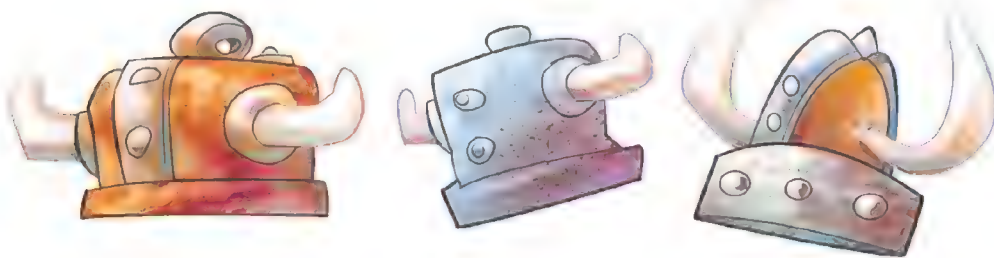
“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

everyone cried.

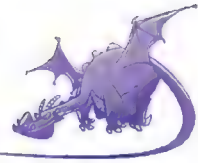
My paws began to **tremble** like jellyfish.
I was about to run away when . . .

**“You can do it,
Geronimo!”**

It was Thora! She was cheering me on!
Then my nephew Benjamin piped up.



THEY TOOK LOKI LONGSIGHT!

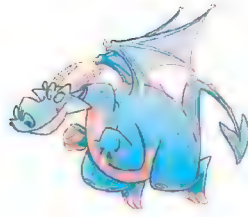


“I **BELIEVE** in you, Uncle Ger!”

“**GO GET 'EM**, Geronimo!” Thea said.

Squeak! My friends and family gave me **courage**. I would find **Loki**. I would face the dragon. And I might even get my first miceking helmet!





THE HILLS OF WISE WORDS

Trap and I left Mouseborg.

“That dragon has left us a trail of **STINKY** drool, **RED** scales, and **roasted** trees,” Trap remarked happily as we headed north.

“This mission will be super easy!”

SUPER EASY?

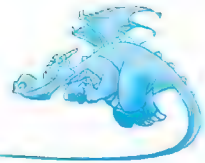
We were on our way to face a **FIERCE** and terrible dragon with an appetite for micekings. What was **easy** about that?

But we had no choice. We had to **SAVE** Loki Longsight!

We followed the dragon’s **trail** until we arrived at the very top of the **TALLEST** of the Hills of Wise Words. We could hear birds



THE HILLS OF WISE WORDS



twittering in the trees. Everything seemed peaceful until . . .

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!

A deep sound echoed through the hills.

I jumped into Trap's arms.

"IT'S THE DRAGONS!" I squealed.

Trap chuckled. "Relax! That's just my stomach. I'm so hungry I could eat **STALE CHEESE!**"

We followed Red Fang's trail down a path. Then Trap stopped. **"Look here, Geronimo!"**

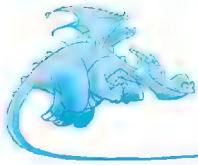






The dragons!

What?!



THE HILLS OF WISE WORDS

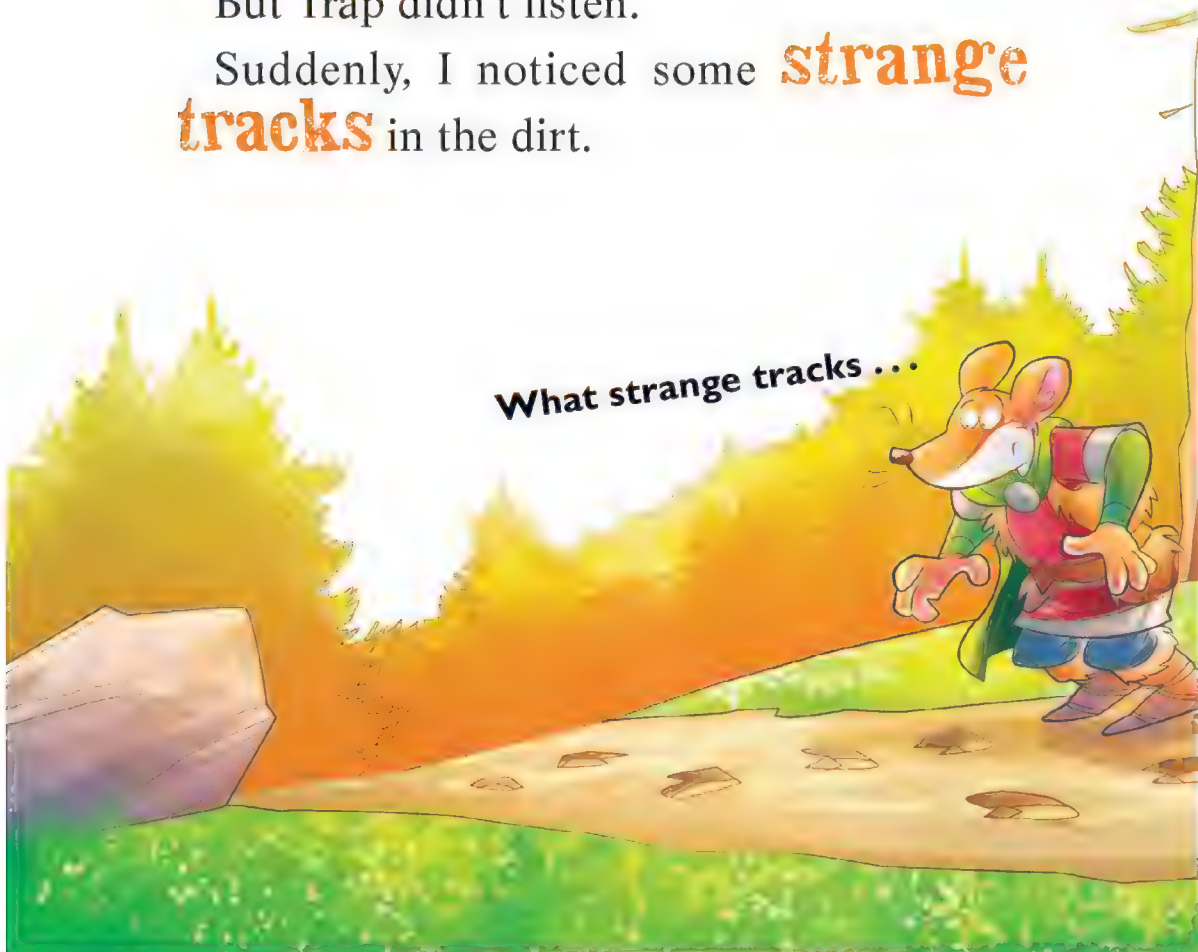
He pointed under a rock to a stash of **fjordberries** and truffles.

Trap started to **grab** them. "What a find! Want some, Cousin?"

"B-b-but they might belong to someone," I replied nervously. "**Leave them alone!**"

But Trap didn't listen.

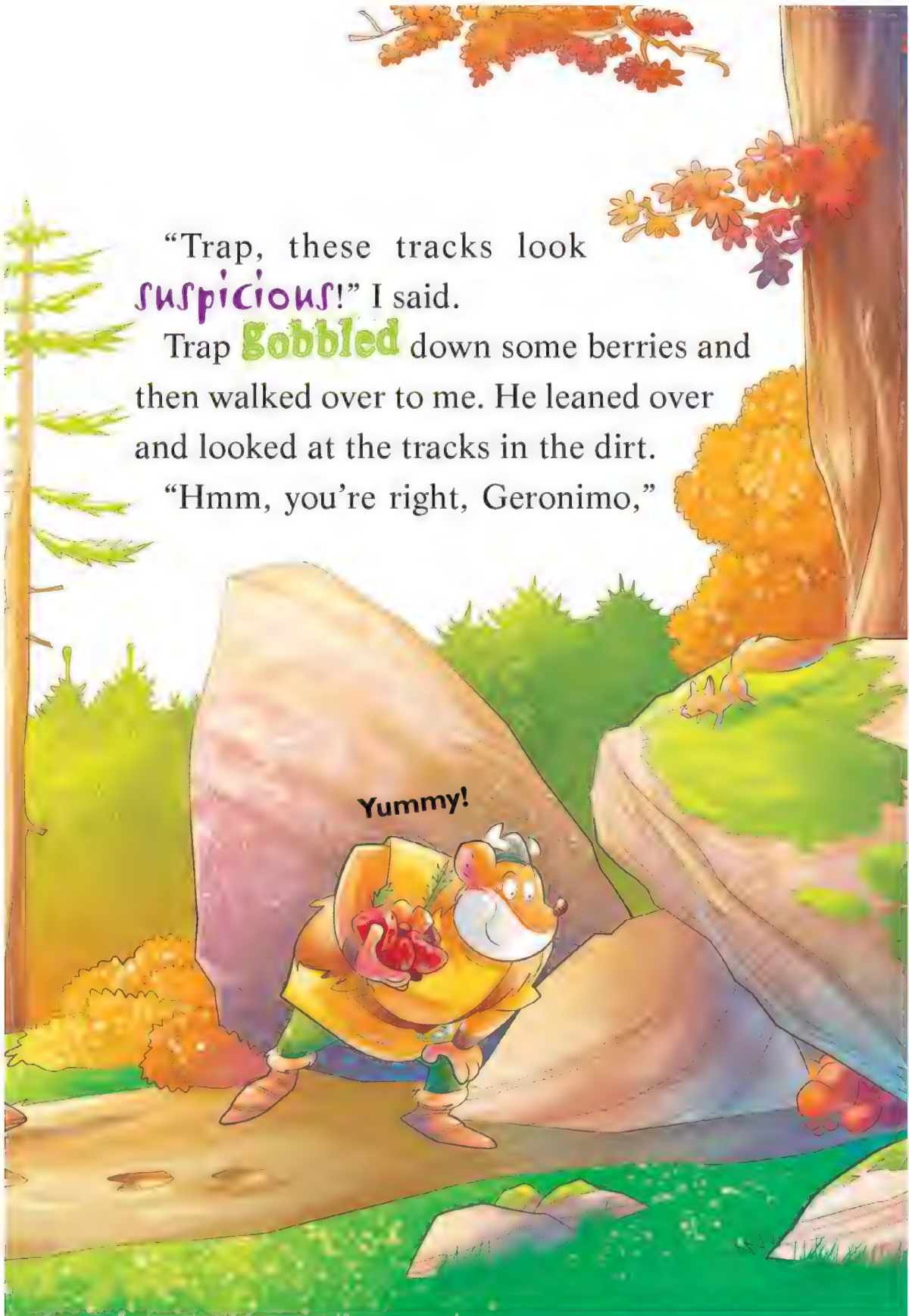
Suddenly, I noticed some **strange tracks** in the dirt.

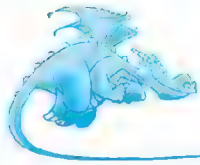


“Trap, these tracks look
suspicious!” I said.

Trap **Gobbled** down some berries and
then walked over to me. He leaned over
and looked at the tracks in the dirt.

“Hmm, you’re right, Geronimo,”





THE HILLS OF WISE WORDS

he said. "These don't look like **dragon tracks**. They're too small."

"That's what **worries** me," I said. I glanced up at the rocks behind Trap, and my **FUR** stood on end.

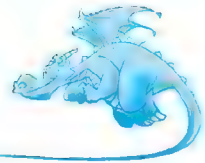
"They look like the tracks of a **M-M-MEGA BOAR!**" I stammered.

MEGA BOAR

With its curved tusks and fierce hunger, the mega boar is a very, very aggressive wild boar! It digs in the dirt in search of



roots and truffles, but when hungry, it will devour anything in its path. Caution: Never touch its food supply, or there will be trouble!



“How can you be so sure, smarty-mouseking?” Trap asked me.

“I-I’m sure,” I stuttered, “because there is one **RIGHT BEHIND YOU!**”

Trap turned to see the **HAIRY** mega boar staring at us with **FEROCIOUS** eyes. We had stumbled upon its food supply!

GREAT SALTY SARDINES, we were in big trouble!

“What do we do?” I wailed.

Trap’s **paws** were still full of fruit and truffles. “Let’s scam, Geronimo! Hold on to your tail and

RUUUUUUN!”





WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!

Trap and I took off at **TOP SPEED** through the hills, followed by the mega boar.

We moved **FASTER** than a wheel of cheese rolling down a steep hill. We had to! The boar **GNASHED** its teeth as it ran, ready to **GOBBLE** us up! Everybody knows that you can't **MESS WITH** a mega boar's food supply — everybody but Trap, that is.

Then I realized something. “Are you still holding the boar's **FOOD**?” I asked Trap.

“Of course! It's **delicious**! Want some?” Trap asked.

“Why . . . **huff** . . . do you still have it . . . **puff**?” I asked, out of breath from running.





WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!

“**Pant** . . . give it back!”

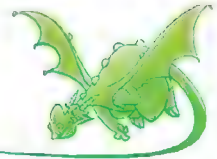
Trap realized he had no choice. “**Good-bye, sweet food!**” he cried.

He tossed the food behind him — and it **HIT** the mega boar in the face! The beast was even **ANGRIER** now.

“**FASTER!**” I yelled.



WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!



We **ZIGZAGGED** between fallen tree branches and thorny bushes. Then a very **stinky** smell hit our snouts.

“That smell can only be **DRAGON DROOL!**” Trap cried.

We had a mega boar behind us, and we were heading right toward a terrible dragon!





WE WERE DOOMED!

The mega boar was on our tails. We kept running . . . and then we **slipped** in a puddle of dragon drool.

Now we were **EVEN MORE DOOMED!**

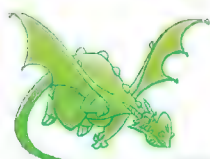
But just as the boar's tusks were about

to skewer us, a **FLAME** shot over our heads.

The mega boar yelped, turned around, and **RAN AWAY**.

One **THREAT** was gone . . . but another was in the bushes right in front of us.





WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!

RED FANG glared at us with his scary yellow eyes!

“Is it you again?” he asked. “Come clo^{ss}ser! That way I can eat you in a ^{ss}single bite!”

I began to **shiver** from the tip of my tail to the ends of my whiskers. Then I felt Trap pull me by the arm. He dragged me behind a large **TREE TRUNK**.

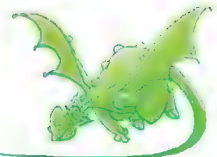
“Get over here, **SHRIMP!**” Red Fang roared, and he lunged toward us.

Then something **unexpected** happened.

Red Fang suddenly **ROARED** in pain. Smoke puffed out of his nostrils, and he **TOPPLED OVER** with a boom.

I **PEEKED** out from my hiding place and saw the problem: One of his wings was caught in a **thorny** bush. He couldn't move or fly.

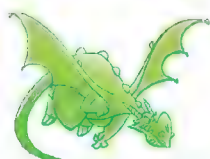
WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!



I took a deep breath. I might not be a **BRAVE** mouseking, but Trap and I had come to save **Loki Longsight**. I knew what I had to do. I stepped out from behind the tree branch and **slowly** walked toward the dragon.

“**What happened?**” I asked him.





WATCH YOUR FUR, GERONIMO!

“None of your bu^{ssss}ine^{ssss}, no^{ssss}y mou^{ssss}eking!” Red Fang roared. “I will roa^{ssss}t you in a ^{ssss}plit ^{ssss}second and crush you with my jaw^{ssss}!”

He spat out a huge flame. I jumped back behind the tree branch to avoid it.

“*That’s it! I’m done!*” I squealed.

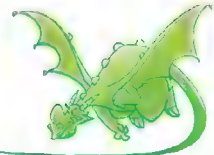
Red Fang was **STUCK**. Trap and I could go back to the village without losing our fur.

But if we did that, we’d be leaving behind poor Loki. (Not to mention, I would **NEVER** get my miceking helmet!)

“You **FAILED** again, smarty-mouseking!” Sven the Shouter would say.

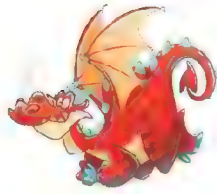
Then it hit me. I *was* a **smarty-mouseking**. I could **think** of a way to use Red Fang’s predicament to our advantage.

I had an **idea**.



I walked right up to the dragon's face and began to squeak.

**"L-L-LET'S MAKE A DEAL
BETWEEN MOUSEKING AND
DRAGON!"**



THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG

Red Fang sniffed me. “Are you out of your **furry** head? I could eat you right now!”

Trap **JUMPED** out of our hiding place. “Geronimo, what are you thinking?” he asked.

“I mu**SSS**t admit, I am curiou**SSS**,” Red Fang said. “No mou**SSS**eking has ever approached me like thi**SSS** before. What deal do you propo**SSS**e, shrimp?”

I took another deep breath.

“W-w-well, Trap and I could **FREE** you from the thorns,” I began.

Red Fang looked interested. “**Go on**,” he said.



THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG



“And then you could t-t-tell us where you’ve **hidden** our soothsayer, Loki Longsight,” I continued.

“And promise not to **gobble** us up on the spot!” Trap added quickly.

Red Fang began to **snicker**. Then he **snorted**. Then he **laughed** so hard that the ground **shook** beneath our feet!

My whiskers almost fell off in fright!

“Bad idea, Geronimo,” Trap whispered. “We’re about to become **dinner** for a dragon!”

Red Fang **laughed** so





THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG

hard that he became even more tangled in the thorny bush. He **ROARED** out in pain.

“GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!”

I knew Red Fang couldn't **REFUSE** our help now. “You can't fly, or even **move**,” I said bravely. “Let us help you.”

Red Fang scowled. “Very well!” he hissed. “We will make this **SSS** deal. But it must **SSS** be kept a **SSS** secret!”

I quickly pulled out some parchment and my **goose-feather** pen (which I always carry with me, like a good scholar) and wrote out our deal.

I signed it, and then Red Fang grabbed the pen in his **CLAW** and signed, too.

After Red Fang signed, Trap and I carefully





removed the **thorny** branch from his wing.

SECRET DRAGON-MOUSEKING AGREEMENT*

I, Geronimo Stiltonord, will free Red Fang from the branch that hurt his wing.

In exchange, Red Fang of the Devourers of Beastgard will tell us everything he knows about Loki Longsight's whereabouts. And above all, he promises not to gobble up any micekings present.

GERONIMO

* The original was written in miceking runes, but it has been translated so you can read it!



THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG

Red Fang **GRINNED** and stretched out his wings. Then he eyed me **hungrily** as if I were a tasty treat.

HELMETS AND HERRING, I WAS ONE SCARED MOUSEKING!

But I held the parchment agreement in front of me like a **SHIELD**. “You p-p-promised not to **hurt** us!” I reminded him. “And you must **RETURN** Loki Longsight to us!”

“I don’t know any Loki Long^{ssss}sight,” Red Fang replied. “The only fresh mou^{ssss}semeat here is you two!”

“We found your **DROOL** and one of your **RED SCALES** outside his cave!” I protested. “What did you do with him?”

“That wa^{ssss}n’t me!” Red Fang repeated.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“After you mice attacked u^{ssss}, I wa^{ssss}





THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG

SSSo hungry that I **gobbled** up the Logi pepperSSS,” Red Fang explained. “We dragonSSS need them to help create our **FIERY** breath.”

I **shuddered**, thinking about how Red Fang’s flames had almost roasted me before.

“But they were **TOO HOT**, even for me!” the dragon continued. “I SSSstarted to **COUGH** and drool!”

“Then what happened?” Trap asked.

“My eyeSSS were **WATERING** badly,” Red Fang replied. “I couldn’t SSSsee where I waSSS going, and I flew into a cave.”

Trap and I looked at each other. “**Loki Longsight’s cave!**” we both guessed.

“I didn’t SSSsee a mouSSSeking in there,” Red Fang said. “I waited until my eyeSSS SSSstopped watering, and then I **FLEW** away.”

THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG



Trap's eyes narrowed. "You mean you didn't take our soothsayer? Or **gobble** him up?"

Red Fang shook his head. "If I had eaten him, would my empty belly be **GROWLING** like thi**sss**?"

He patted his big **red** belly, and it made a noise:





THE SECRET DEAL WITH RED FANG

GUUUUURGLE!

I couldn't believe it. We had been **CHASED** by a mega boar and **FACED** a deadly dragon to find Loki Longsight — all for nothing!

“Because^{ssss} of our deal, I will let you e^{ssss}cape,” Red Fang continued. “But I will return to your village with an army of dragon^{ssss}. And then I will eat you raw, ju^{ssss}t as you are!”

Then he flapped his wings and **FLEW OFF.**

Trap slapped me on the back. “Good work, Cousin! You saved us from being toasted like a cheese sandwich!”

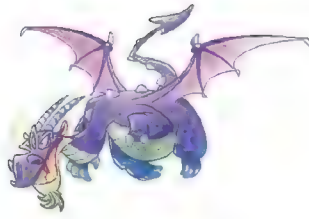
“But we still haven't **found** Loki Longsight,” I said. “We should keep



LOOKING for him.”

“No way!” Trap said. “We have to go back to Mouseborg and **WARN** the village about the dragon attack.”





DRAGON ATTACK!

I knew Trap was right. We raced toward Mouseborg like **LIGHTNING**.

Sven the Shouter started **SHOUTING** as soon as he saw us. “Are you **CHEESEHEADS** back already? Where is Loki Longsight?”

“W-w-we . . . um . . . d-didn’t find him, Chief,” I stuttered.

“How dare you return with **EMPTY PAWS**!” Sven shouted so loudly that it **ruffled** my fur.

Suddenly, the **dragon alarm** rang throughout the village.

TOO-TOOOOT!
TOO-
TOOOOOOOOT!

DRAGON ATTACK!



Before you could say **cheese**, the sky became filled with dragons. Their leader, **Gobbler the Putrid**, flew at the front of the pack.

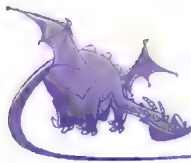
Gobbler wore the **Crown of the Seven Rubies**, forged in volcanic lava.

“Look at the **ssse** ta**sssty** miceking

GOBBLER the Putrid

Gobbler the Putrid is the unchallenged leader of the dragons. He smells so bad even flies stay away from him! He's always in a bad mood and always very hungry. His favorite food is fresh miceking stew.





DRAGON ATTACK!

morsel^{ssss}!" he called out to his followers.

Sven turned to the micekings. "Load the catapults!

**AIM!
ATTAAAAACK!"**

Gobbler called his dragons to action.

"Follow me, my winged ^{ssss}subject^{ssss}!"

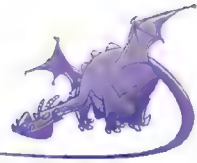
**DIVE,
DIVE, DIVE!"**

This time, the dragons were **ready** for our miceking defenses. They batted away the **STICKY** mud balls with their tails.

They blew **FLAMES** onto the straw roofs of our houses, setting them on fire!

Some micekings **RAN** for their weapons.

DRAGON ATTACK!



Others ran away from the flames. I was headed for the catapults when I heard something **thundering** behind me that made my whiskers **curl** with fear.

GRRRRRRROWWWWWL!

Shivering squids, that roar was close — **TOO CLOSE!**

I turned and came face-to-face with a dragon with **RED** scales, pointy fangs, **SHARP** claws, and one injured wing . . . **RED FANG!** He and I had made a deal — but now the deal was off!

Red Fang looked like he was going to keep his promise to **eat me raw!**

SQUEAK!

He landed right in front of me.

“**Sss**tay away!” he called to the other





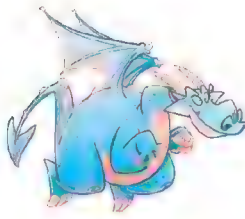


DRAGON ATTACK!

dragons. “Thi^{ss}^{ss}^{ss} shrimpy mou^{ss}^{ss}^{ss}eking is all mine!”

HORNS AND THORNS!

My whiskers **trembled** with fright. The end was near! Red Fang was going to **devour** me, and there was nothing I could do about it. I was doomed!



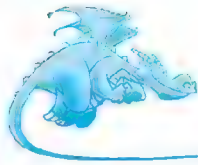
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!

Red Fang **LUNGED** at me. I was so afraid that I couldn't move a muscle!

Then Trap took me by the **paw**.

"Get out of there, Geronimo!" he yelled, **DRAGGING** me under the stage.





YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!

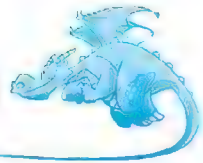
Red Fang followed us. "You can't hide! I will **SSS**still **SSS**natch you!"

We **flattened** ourselves against the ground. The dragon plunged his claws into the wooden boards above us. Then he smacked the stage with his heavy, **SPIKED** tail.

Squeak!



YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!



The stage was now full of more **holes** than a slice of Swiss!

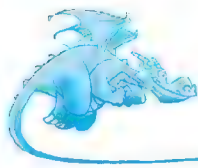
We were about to be **fried**, roasted, and **TOASTED**!

Trap held me tightly. "I've always loved you, Cousin!" He sobbed. "You're the **BRAVEST** smarty-mouseking I know!"

This is it, I thought. Good-bye, Mouseborg, my hometown! Good-bye, lovely Thora! Good-bye, miceking world!

A **FIREBALL** formed in Red Fang's throat, but before he could release it . . .





YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!

“Get out of here, you ugly **lizard face!**”

Fjords and fishbones, it was Thora! As she bravely ran toward the stage, she took a **SHARP** shell comb out of her hair and flung it toward the dragon’s face. The blow **stunned** Red Fang.

“**GREAT SHOT**, you amazing Shield Mouselet!” Trap cheered.

Take that!

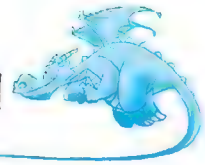
Red Fang flew off, and Trap shivered.

“That was **C-C-close**,” he said.

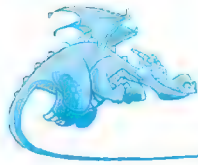
I stared at Thora with admiration. “Brave Thora, you’ve **SAVED** our fur!” I squeaked.



YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!



Then I saw that she wasn't alone. **THEA**,
HELGA, and **KARINA** all stood behind
her.



YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, MOUSEKING!

And behind them stood all the other Shield Mouselets in the village! They had joined forces to organize an **anti-dragon** defense.

OH, WHAT FABUMOUSE
MICEKINGS!



THE CHARGE OF THE SHIELD MOUSELETS

The Shield Mouselets' defense took the **dragons** by surprise with a charge of unexpected weapons:

- 1 Heavy cauldrons filled with **stinky food** from the cooking challenge.
- 2 Catapults loaded with **sharp shells** from the shell challenge.
- 3 Buckets of **CLEAN WATER** because dragons can't stand it — water washes away their stench!
- 4 Fishing nets that doubled as **dragon-catching nets!**

SWEET SARDINES!



SHIELD MOUSELETS TO THE RESCUE!

STINKY
CAULDRONS



1

2



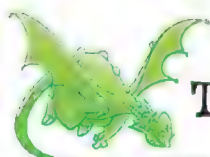
SHARP SHELLS



These Shield Mouselets were a **FORCE** to be reckoned with!

They **flung** the cauldrons with amazing force. They **hurled** the sharp shells with precise aim. They worked together to **stun** the dragons and then **CAPTURE** them in nets. It was miceking poetry in action!

Gobbler the Putrid tried to get his dragons in order.



THE CHARGE OF THE SHIELD MOUSELETS

“Dragon^{SSS}, get in formation! Claw^{SSS} out!” he yelled.

But they could not stop the Shield Mouselets.

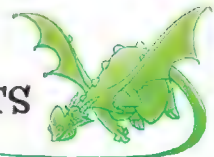
“Get out of here, you scaly scoundrels!” Thea yelled.

“Beat it, you lousy beasts!” the others joined in.

Gobbler continued to call out orders. But his **DRENCHED** and **battered** dragons did

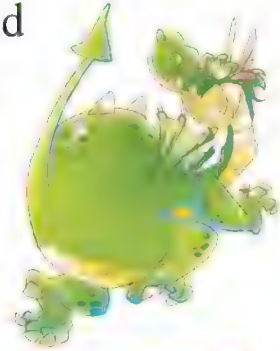


THE CHARGE OF THE SHIELD MOUSELETS



not want to fight anymore. The Shield Mouselets were too much for them!

Finally, Gobbler gave in.
“**RETREAT!**” he yelled.





THE CHARGE OF THE SHIELD MOUSELETS

Before flying off, Red Fang fixed his **FIERY** eyes on me. “You managed to e^{ss}scape thi^{ss}s time, mou^{ss}seking! But next time, I will roa^{ss}st you for dinner!”

A wave of **relief** washed over me as I watched him and the other dragons **disappear** over the horizon.

**FOR NOW, WE WERE
ALL SAFE!**



KNOCK! KNOCK! ANYONE THERE?

The dragon attack was over — and it was all thanks to the village's **SHIELD MOUSELETS!**

“Rodents of **Mouseborg**, rejoice!”

Sven shouted. “The dragons have fled!”

“**WE WON!**” squealed the micekings.

“**Hooray for the shield
mouselets!**”

“**DOWN WITH THE DRAGONS!**”

“**Hip, hip, hooray for the
Shield Mouselets!**”





KNOCK! KNOCK! ANYONE THERE?

“We will celebrate!” Sven announced. “My wife, Mousehilde, will prepare a fabumouse **banquet** and —”

Mousehilde interrupted her husband’s speech by **BOPPING** him on the head. “Aren’t you **forgetting** something? We can’t celebrate until we find **Loki Longsight**! He’s still missing!”



Knock! Knock! Anyone there?



Sven pointed at me. “Geronimo, finding him was **YOUR JOB**! Tell us what happened!”

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

the micekings cried.

“Well,” I began. “First, Trap and I tracked **RED FANG . . .**”

“OOOOOOOOOOOOH!” the micekings exclaimed.

“But we didn’t find Loki Longsight or any sign of him,” I finished.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO!” the micekings squeaked.

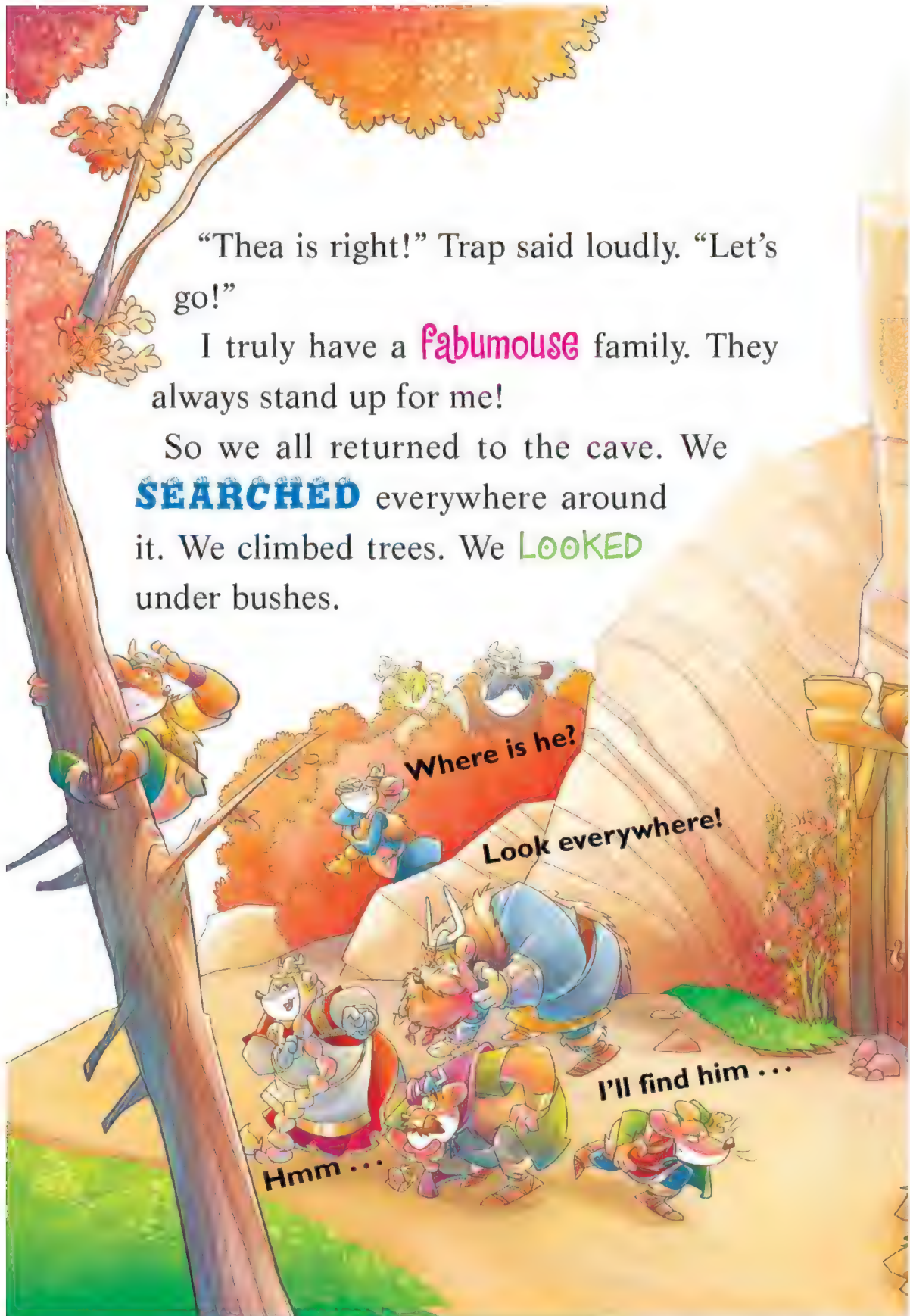
I couldn’t tell them about my deal with the dragon. It was a **SECRET**! All the micekings knew was that I had **failed**.

Thea came to my rescue. “Let’s go back to Loki’s **CAVE** and search for more clues,” she suggested.

“Thea is right!” Trap said loudly. “Let’s go!”

I truly have a **fabumouse** family. They always stand up for me!

So we all returned to the cave. We **SEARCHED** everywhere around it. We climbed trees. We **LOOKED** under bushes.



We even lifted up boulders! (Well, I didn't, but micekings with **big muscles** did.) But there was **no trace** of Loki Longsight!

I put my snout to the ground to look for tracks — and **bumped** right into the cave's front door.

"OW!" I cried.

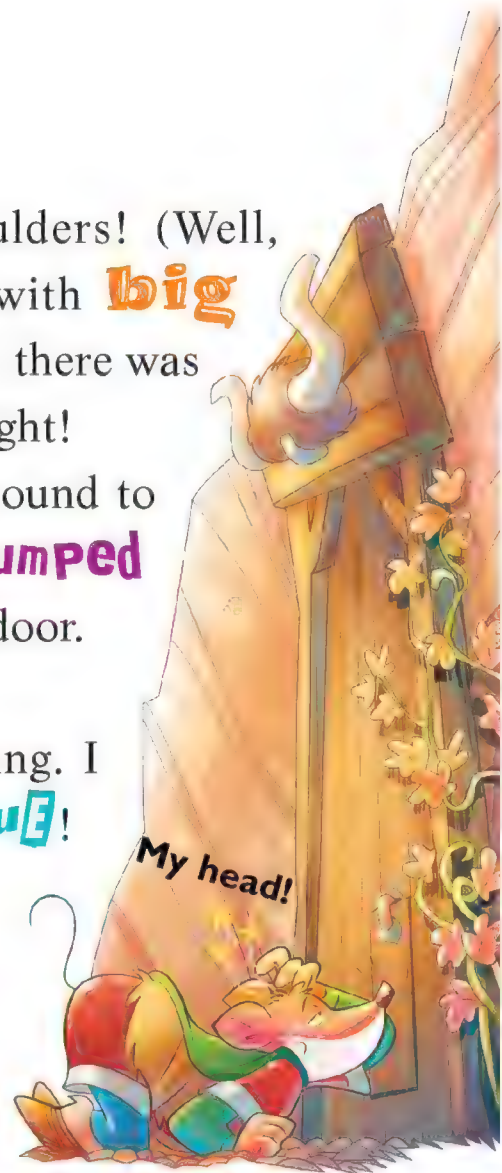
Then I realized something. I had just bumped into a **CLUE!**

"HELMETS AND HERRING, the cave door is closed!" I cried.

"Are you **SURE** you didn't close it with your snout, smarty-mouseking?" Sven asked me.

"I'm sure," I replied.

"Then who **CLOSED** it?" Sven asked.





KNOCK! KNOCK! ANYONE THERE?

Then it hit me. “Maybe Loki returned to his **CAVE** while we were **fighting** the dragons! He could be in there right now,” I said.

There was only **ONE WAY** to find out.

“Loki Longsight!” Sven shouted at the top of his lungs. “**ARE YOU IN THERE**, soothsayer?”

There was **no reply** — but then a stone fell out of the window above the door. A piece of **parchment** was tied to the stone.

“It must be from Loki!” I realized.

“Then **read it**, smarty-mouseking!” Sven bellowed.

I **unrolled** the parchment and read the words aloud: “*The soothsayer is only in on days when the moon is full . . . in months beginning with the letter J . . . and not during mealtimes! Please come back another time.*”



Have I already told you that Sven is called “the Shouter” because he shouts **VERY, VERY, VERY LOUDLY**? Well, when he gets **angry**, he shouts even louder! And this time he was **angrier** than I had ever seen him.

“Where did you **disappear** to?” Sven bellowed. “Answer me!”

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

the micekings sang out.

The soothsayer tossed another **STONE** out the window, with a new message attached.





KNOCK! KNOCK! ANYONE THERE?

I read it out loud: "*I went out to search for
honey, mouse grass, and
fjordberries. What
do you want?*"



Angry, the
other micekings
started shouting at Loki.



KNOCK! KNOCK! ANYONE THERE?



“Didn’t you hear the **dragon alarm**?”

“Didn’t you smell their **TERRIBLE STENCH**?”

“Didn’t you see the **FIERY FLAMES**?”

Another note **FLEW** out the window:

*“What dragons? I didn’t see a single scale.
Not a single fang.”*

It was no use arguing. Our soothsayer was supposed to be good at **SEEING** the future. But this time, he hadn’t even seen what was **RIGHT OUTSIDE** his cave!



AND THE WINNER IS . . .

We returned to the village.

“Loki is found! Let the **banquet** begin!”
Sven shouted. “Mousehilde will make
delicious **gloog** for all!”

**“HOORAY FOR MOUSEHILDE!
HOORAY FOR GLOOG!”**

the micekings cheered.

Gloog is traditional **miceking stew**,
and Mousehilde’s is the best!

That night, the village **celebrated**
with a great feast of gloog, Stenchberg
CHEESE, finnbrew (the official drink of
micekings), and other miceking specialties.

AND THE WINNER IS . . .



Just as I was about to take my first **bite**,
Sven interrupted me.

“What are you doing, smarty-mouseking?”
he asked.

“I-I-I’m **eating**,” I sputtered.

Sven held up a paw. “**S+O+P** right there!
First you must announce the winner of the
Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge!”

The micekings began to chant.

**“CHOOSE A WINNER!
CHOOSE A WINNER!
CHOOSE A WINNER!”**





AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Crusty codfish, what was I supposed to do?
I tried to think of a way out. “L-l-let’s
THINK about this, Sven,” I stuttered. “Red
Fang ate the **hot pepper** sash that gets
awarded to the winner, so there is no
way to . . .”



“I’ve got an **extra**,
Smarty-mouse!” Sven cried,
TOSSING another sash
made of Logi peppers at
me.

I turned paler than
MOZZARELLA. I had
no more excuses!

Shivering squids, I
didn’t know who to choose!

I wanted to choose **Thora**, who
had saved me from **RED FANG** . . .

But there was also my sister, **THEA** . . .

AND THE WINNER IS . . .



And **HELGA** . . .

And **Karina** . . .

They all deserved to win. Squeak!

Then Mousehilde walked up and took the sash from me. “Forget it, Geronimo! All the **SHIELD MOUSELETS** in the village have made a decision. For fighting with **GREAT SKILL** and saving the village . . . **all four are winners!**”

“**WE'RE ALL WINNERS!**” the contestants cheered.

When the Shield Mouselets make a decision, no rodent **argues** with them! The other micekings began to **clap** and **cheer**.

“HIP, HIP, HOORAY FOR THE WINNERS!”





We all won!

Way to go!

Let's celebrate!

Time to eat!

Hooray!



Hooray for the micekings!

Yay!

We're all winners!

Three cheers!

Hooray!



AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Then Sven gave each of the four Shield Mouselets a special **MICEKING HELMET** for driving off the dragons.

"SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!"

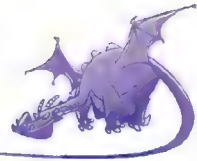
the villagers cried.

And then (at last), we were able to eat!

It really was a **fabumouse** feast, and when every crumb was eaten, the micekings broke out into **festive dancing** around the banquet table. By the time I went home and slipped under the covers, I was as happy as a **CLAM** in its shell.

I was so **proud** of the Shield Mouselets for working together. And even though I hadn't earned a **MICEKING HELMET** yet, I was still happy. I had made a secret pact with a dragon — and lived to **NOT** tell a soul about it (because

AND THE WINNER IS . . .



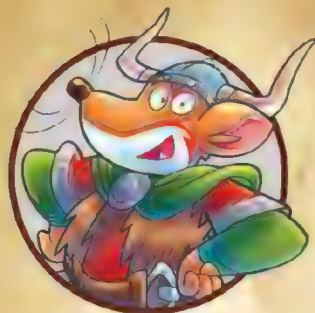
it's a **SECRET!**). So I was content. Plus,
I knew that I would earn a **MICEKING
HELMET** sooner or later!

But that's another
miceking story for
another day!



MICEKING ISLAND





Don't miss any
adventures of
the Micekings!



#1 Attack of the
Dragons



#2 The Famouse
Fjord Race



#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!



#4 Stay Strong,
Geronimo!

Up
Next:



#5 The Mysterious
Message



**Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Furl



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



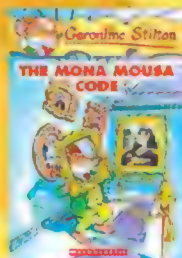
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



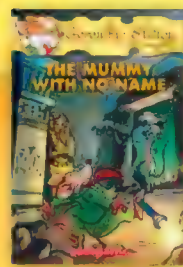
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



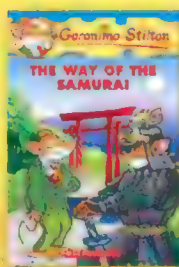
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



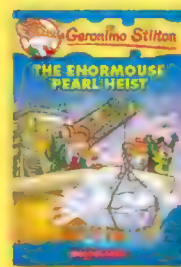
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



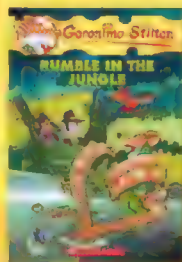
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



#65 Bollywood Burglary



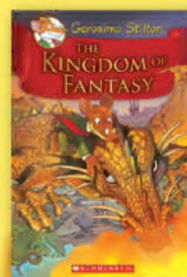
The Hunt for the Hundredth Key



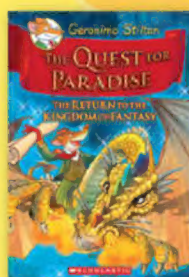
#66 Operation: Secret Recipe



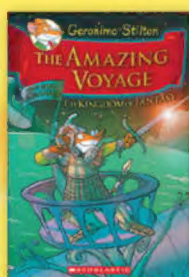
Don't miss
any of my
special edition
adventures!



THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE WIZARD'S
WAND:
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



BACK IN TIME:
THE SECOND JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



THE RACE
AGAINST TIME:
THE THIRD JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



LOST IN TIME:
THE FOURTH JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,



and good-bye until
the next book!

WHO IS Geronimo Stiltonord?



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!

STAY STRONG, GERONIMO!

Geronimo Stiltonord has been selected to judge the Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge, a competition of female miceking warriors. But all the contestants are so good, it's impossible to choose just one winner! Even worse, since everyone is distracted by the challenge, the dragons launch a surprise attack! Will the micekings be able to defend their home?



 **SCHOLASTIC**



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